

Mercy by Jancys_Blue_Bayou

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-08-16

Updated: 2018-08-16

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:27:24

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,528

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

"Why do you have those?" He questions, pointing to the handcuffs.

"Just 'cause. Thinking. You know, Melanie told me something she read," Nancy starts.

"Uh-huh?" He pokes, confused as to how something Nancy's friend Melanie said has to do with Hopper's handcuffs.

"Did you know some people use these in the bedroom?" She holds up the handcuffs.

"What? ... how?"

"How do you think?" She smiles back at him

Mercy

Author's Note:

This is for an anon prompt on Tumblr: "smut prompt where jonathan and nancy steal a pair of hopper's handcuffs and use them in the bedroom" that's also combined with another anon prompt: "Quick smut request where Jancy fucks and when Jonathan pushes into her he says "you're so tight" and she responds with "you're so big"" (#killingtwobirdswithonestone)

They're back in Hawkins over winter break to see their families. He's halfway through his second year at Tisch, Nancy's halfway through her second year at Columbia. New York is everything he wanted, and more. He'd dreamt of it for so long, going there. It had always been in the abstract, an idea, a fantasy of going somewhere that's the opposite of Hawkins. A big city where there's always things happening, where he'd maybe meet more likeminded people, people interested in the arts, in photography, in music, in creating something new and different and not just following the mainstream, people who unlike his former classmates at Hawkins High care about more important stuff than the high school basketball team and who's got the nicest house with a big pool. A big city where he could also disappear into the masses if he wanted to, instead of how his family were always at public display in Hawkins because they were poor, because his dad had walked out, because people thought his mom was crazy, because he was apparently a creep.

He got all that, which he wanted. And more. Because he got Nancy there with him. And that's infinitely more important than whatever abstract prospects for the future he dreamt up as a kid. New York had been a dream. Nancy was reality. And reality turned out be so much more than the dream. The dream became part of the reality but honestly, as long as he was with Nancy he could be anywhere.

And right now where they are is one of the best places he could ever be in. Sitting at the kitchen table of his childhood home over breakfast. Nancy to his left, Will and El on the opposite side and his

mom and Hopper on either end. For so long his family had been just him, his mom and Will. He stopped counting his father as part of it long before he walked out. But it has doubled in size. Nancy, El, Hopper. He's viewed Nancy as part of his family for years now. He knows his mom and Will does it too. Looking back maybe you could view Nancy saving Will, saving his mom, saving him and everyone else, with a hot firepoker as a baptism of fire into the Byers family.

El had saved Will, saved them all, too. She was like a superhero. But at the end of the day she was just a sweet, amazing girl in need of love and family. And his family may not have much to offer in terms of money or things, but a whole lot of love and care. They all adore El. And Hopper then. He's always been wary of men entering his mom's life. In hindsight maybe he could've been nicer to Bob but that relationship just happened so fast and given everything he was worried for his mom. He'll always look out for her. He asked Nancy once if he was too wary of men. "After your father and everything? Hell no," was her answer. With Hopper he was still... a bit wary at first, but Hopper was a different story. He's not perfect, far from it. He knows that. His mom does too. His mom knows Hopper inside and out, they go way back. And ultimately he knows Hopper genuinely cares about his mom, about Will, about El and about him. He still vividly remembers the hand on his shoulder and words of comfort he got, sitting in a morgue thinking his little brother was dead and his mom was insane. Hopper's definitely earned his trust.

Plus, his excitement at getting accepted into Tisch was mixed with fear of leaving his family after everything. But at the end of the day, having a real life superhero and the chief of police as part of it now calmed his worries quite significantly. But he's missed his family. He's missed cooking breakfast for his family. Granted, he now gets to cook breakfast for Nancy every morning (which had maybe led to their first "fight" in college: "You don't HAVE to do this every morning!" "I want to!" "I love you.") So he got up early this morning, making the tough decision to leave the warmth of the bed and Nancy snuggled up against him, to cook breakfast for everyone. The look on Will's face when he walked in and saw his pancakes in the making was worth it alone.

Through breakfast he and Nancy get bombarded with questions about

college and New York from Will, his mom and El. They answer them all and tries to get in a question or two about how life back here in Hawkins is but it proves to be a challenge as Will and El wants to know *everything* about New York. Will is currently very intrigued by the New York music scene.

"You saw the Pixies live? How was it? The tape you sent was awesome-"

"Oh shoot, look at the time! I'm almost late for work!" His mom suddenly exclaims, glancing at the clock on the wall. "And you should start your shift Hop, drop me at the store?"

"Part of my official duty I guess," Hopper good-naturedly mutters from behind his coffee cup.

"Have a nice day!" Will smiles. "So anyway, the Pixies have they released anything new since-"

"Nice try Mister, you may have forgotten but I haven't. You two need to get to school, now," his mom again interrupts Will, nailing both him and El with a look and gleefully reminding them that they still have a couple of days left before winter break.

"No fair, why do they get break already," El mutters while she and Will get up too, following his mom and Hopper who are scrambling to get themselves in order before leaving to start their days.

"Don't worry about it, we'll get it," he tells his mom when she starts to corral the dishes to dump them in the sink.

"Oh no Sweetie, you two are here on break and you've already made breakfast for everyone and-"

"Mom, come on. It's dishes, no big deal. You're gonna be late."

Hopper is already standing impatiently in the hall with his hat on his head and car keys to his cruiser in hand. Will and El meanwhile fighting over the keys to their mom's Pinto. She relents.

"Oh, well thank you. Oh it's so nice to have you both here! You were going over to the Wheelers later right? So see you guys later, love

you!” She finishes with, pulling first him and then Nancy into quick hugs.

After quick goodbyes from them in turn and then to the others, he and Nancy are left alone. He starts to run water in the sink and they move the dirty dishes over. He starts washing them while Nancy tidies up the table.

”Hey look, Hopper forgot his handcuffs,” she suddenly pipes up. He glances over his shoulder back to her.

”Huh, weird. Eh, he’ll probably just grab a new pair at the station and get these later,” he shrugs.

”Yeah,” Nancy answers slowly. There’s a special glimmer in her eyes he can’t quite place. He returns his attention to the dishes.

After they’ve finished doing the dishes they just relax and hang out for a while before going over to her childhood home to spend time with her mom. Who’s still a housewife and now with more time on her hands than ever as Holly has started school. She’s very excited to see them, which is nice, and chatters away a million miles a minute asking them everything about college and New York and telling them about the hobbies she’s taken up ”to keep busy” as Nancy worded it before to him. She recommends step-aerobics to Nancy three times before Nancy finally placates her by saying she’ll definitely check it out in New York, something they both know she won’t ever do of course. But it’s nice to spend time with Mrs. Wheeler, she’s so nice and it’s sweet how she’s extremely proud and happy over Nancy going to college. It’s also more comfortable to spend time at the Wheeler house when Ted is at work, his suffocating silence has always weirded Jonathan out.

Their aim at least is to divide their time somewhat equally between

their respective childhood homes, to be nice, even though Nancy whines that "yours is much more fun!", so they stay at the Wheelers for dinner and then to spend the night before hanging more with his family tomorrow. They've retired to her old bedroom now. She's sitting on her old bed in her pyjamas – an old New Order shirt of his and a pair of his boxers – when he returns from brushing his teeth. She's playing with a shiny metal object in her hands.

"Why do you have those?" He questions, pointing to the handcuffs.

"Just 'cause. Thinking. You know, Melanie told me something she read," Nancy starts.

"Uh-huh?" He pokes, confused as to how something Nancy's friend Melanie said has to do with Hopper's handcuffs.

"Did you know some people use these in the bedroom?" She holds up the handcuffs.

"What? ... how?"

"How do you think?" She smiles back at him. "Anyway, Melanie told me she read about it and I was like you, confused first because why would people do that? But then Melanie proposed maybe it'd be kind of hot to be completely at someone's mercy like that, with your hands cuffed you can't do... stuff. I told her yeah maybe, if it was with someone you really trust. Then I forgot about it. But then I remembered it this morning when I saw these lying around. And I've been thinking about it all day. I'm kind of... curious. Think it could be... hot. What do you think?"

"Oh... um... well. Uh how do you mean? So like, one of us would have our hands tied up?"

"Yeah. So you're completely at the other one's mercy."

"Oh."

"Yeah. I mean we won't do it if you don't want to of course. But I... like I said I think it could be hot. I mean I'd want to be the one in handcuffs."

"You'd want to?" He asks, a bit surprised.

"Yeah! Because... well um. It kind of turns me on... to..." She blushes and trails off.

"To... what?" He prods.

"Be completely at your mercy. Jonathan I trust you. Completely. The thought of me not being able to do anything but you doing whatever you'd want with me... Jonathan I'd want to be at your complete mercy. I want you to do whatever you want with me."

"Oh."

"But only if you want to," she hurriedly tacks on.

"Okay..." he starts, pondering. Pondering what Nancy just said. And why he started to become hard during the talk. "You'd want me... to cuff you... and then do whatever I want... to you?"

"Yes. I trust you Jonathan," she tells him again with emphasis.

"Okay..."

"What do you think?"

"I'm into it... if you're sure?"

"One hundred percent," she tells him and gives a firm nod.

"Then, let's do it," he says with a grin and blushes.

"You want to, now?" She asks.

"Oh! Oh not if you don't want to of course I just meant-" he starts to hurriedly backtrack but stops himself when she glances down at his crotch – only concealed by boxers as well and sees the noticeable bulge.

"Well I want to, now," she cuts him off then and promptly takes off her t-shirt, revealing her magnificent breasts. She smiles at him and leans forward, giving him a big kiss and shoving the handcuffs into

his hands. Her arm *just happens* to brush against his boxers.

"So how do you wanna do this?" He asks when they break apart.

"I was thinking of utilizing the bed frame. Run the chain through the railings, and then I have my hands above my head. Or how do you want me?" She answers.

"That's perfect," he kisses her back.

She lays back on the bed and he moves after, hovering over her and kissing her more. He gently grabs her wrists and moves her hands up. An excited giggle escapes her. He puts the cuffs around her left wrist, runs the chain through the railings on the bed frame and then cuffs her right wrist so she's stuck to the bed, on her back with her hands above her head.

"Is that too tight?" He asks, to make sure and for a split-second his mind flickers back to years earlier when she was wrapping up his hand in gauze and asked the same. Then as now, they trust each other.

"No that's good," she answers, excitement evident in her voice.

He plants another kiss on her lips then pulls back, to look at her. She is simply stunning.

"Do whatever you want to me," she tells him in a low, husky voice.

Whatever he wants? He knows what he wants to do to her. He kisses her lips again, then leaves a trail of kisses down her cheek and neck. He kisses his way down to her breasts and moves over to the left one, putting his lips over the nipple. It elicits a whimpery moan from her when he gently suckles on it. He moves over to the other one and gives it the same treatment. He kisses his way down her tummy, down to her awaiting treasure only concealed by a pair of his own boxers. He kisses her through the thin fabric before pulling it down.

Do whatever he wants to Nancy? He wants to make her moan and shudder. He wants to make her writhe in pleasure and mumble his

name in soft whimpers. He wants to make her cum. Again and again.

Nancy is the best. So she deserves the best. He wants her to always be happy, always be *satisfied*. It makes him happy to see her happy. And her pleasure... it just turns him on like crazy to see her in pleasure.

He wets his lips and kisses her there again now with the fabric gone. He sticks his tongue out and gives her lips a tentative lick. He's rewarded with a light shudder so he continues, letting his tongue play over her lips. He lets the tip of it swirl over her clit.

"Oh..."

She's always so soft-spoken. But her voice is extra-soft when they're like this. Rises an octave. He'd like to see if he can make it two. He could really, truly set up camp down here. He zeroes in on her clit and her soft moans increases. He can tell she's trying to keep a low volume since her parents and younger siblings are sleeping in the same house. He wonders just how quiet she can be and intensifies his work with his tongue and lips. The effect it has is that she has to bite her lip as he continues to get her to climb higher and higher. The chain on the handcuffs rattles against the railings of the headboard and her cute little tummy rises and falls as he takes her over the edge. She arches her back. He doesn't let up.

"God..."

He just can't get enough. He's completely enamored with her. He's completely fascinated by her body, how it works, what it does. What he can make it do.

"Jona..."

She's so sensitive now, shuddering at every touch. He gently slides a finger in.

"Fuck..."

His other hand rests on her hip, keeping her steady as she arches her back again, pressing her pussy up against him, closer. He's previously

discovered that she can climb and climb and climb until she reaches a peak that leaves her rolling in waves of pleasure. He's also discovered that after he's gotten her past that peak once she can be kept at that plateau of pleasure if he keeps at it, keeps using his tongue, lips and fingers on her.

"Jonathan..."

Her efforts to keep – relatively – quiet seems to have the side-effect that the pent up energy she'd normally let out in big, loud (louder than she'll afterwards care to admit) moans is internalized in her body instead and is put into making her chest rise and fall, making her body curl and her back to rapidly arch and then be lowered. She has trouble keeping still, the handcuffs keeps rattling against the railings. Her arms locked over her head means she can't fully stretch out and it seems to maybe even heighten the sensations as she cums, again and again.

"Bear trap..."

Eventually the magic word, aka their safe word aka the word Nancy says when she simply can't take it anymore, lets him know that it's time to pull away. He does and her back sinks down into the mattress again. He looks up at her, her face is flushed and she looks satisfied, beautiful and incredibly *hot*.

"Do you want...?"

"Yeah," she nods.

He reaches over to her bedside table where they left the key for the handcuffs. She unlocks them. She immediately flings her arms around his neck and pulls him down for a big, long, sweet kiss.

"How was it? Did you like it?" He asks. She doesn't answer him with words, instead quickly kissing him three more times which he supposes is answer enough.

"That is whatever you want to do to me?" She smiles at him.

"Of course," he grins back.

"You're incredible and I love you," she keeps beaming at him, shaking her head slightly.

"You're incredible and I love you," he repeats word for word and ends with a kiss.

He gently grasps her arm and inspects her wrist. There's some marks in a pinkish almost red shade from the cuffs.

"Does it hurt?" He asks.

"No," she shakes her head while looking at the marks herself. She seems to be pondering them for a second. Then adds: "Good thing it's sweater season so I can cover up," she grins. It makes him chuckle.

"Night's not over..." she then whispers and kisses him again while nudging him so they roll over so she's on top of him instead. He's hard, still hard, from eating her out which always has that effect.

Now he's... curious. Seeing her in them, seeing the effect... he wonders.

"I wanna try it..." he tells her. She looks at him, curiously.

"You sure? You don't have to..." she tells him.

"No, I want to. I trust you. Nothing I'd rather be than at your mercy," he grins.

She smiles and kisses him again.

"Alright, just remember tell me if you want loose."

"I will."

She pulls his hands up above his head to where the handcuffs are still wedged through the railings of the headboard and fastens them.

"Is that too tight?" She asks.

"Little bit," he answers. She looses them somewhat. "That's good."

"Sure?"

"Yeah," he confirms. Then he can't help but grin: "Lot better than the last time..."

She furrows her eyebrows, confused.

"What last time? When were you in handcuffs- oh. Oh, right. Forgot about that," she interrupts herself as it dawns on her. He snickers. "Oh shut it, dork," she rolls her eyes but smiles and plants another kiss on his lips.

There's nothing for him to do now but lay back and watch Nancy. His heart is already beating fast because she's on top of him, straddling his thigh currently, and it beats even faster at the thought of her doing whatever she wants with him.

She grasps his dick and jerks him slowly, taking her time, until he's fully erect. Then she repositions herself, now straddling his groin instead, her pussy hovering just inches away from his cock. She grasps him again and steers his cock to her as she lowers herself down a little. Teasingly she lets the tip run along her lips, slowly, instead of taking him inside of her. Then she lifts herself up again. He's so turned on, so eager. He lets out a small grunt of slight frustration. She smirks at him.

"Say please," she teases, sly grin playing over her features. Good God she's irresistible.

"Please."

"Good boy," she says, which somehow makes everything so much hotter, and sinks down on his cock.

Inch by inch she takes as much of him in her as she can. Slowly, slowly, she begins to rise up and down on his cock.

"You're so tight," he moans.

"You're so big," she quickly retorts.

She sets the pace as she rides him, and she sets it low. She takes it slowly, making him savor every moment, every feeling, sensation. Her warmth, her wetness, how her pussy squeezes around his cock. She leans down to kiss him and he instinctively goes to wrap his arms around her and pull her in close but of course the handcuffs prevents him. She kisses him while she continues to slowly move up and down on his cock. Her hands goes into his hair. She runs her fingers through it, combing it, pulling slightly on it and then grips it to pull herself even closer, to kiss him even deeper.

When she goes slowly like this it's amazing to feel how it all builds. Everything. If she wasn't sitting on top of him his whole body would rise and fall and arch just like hers did earlier. His moans and groans are muffled by her capturing his lips with hers again and again.

"I'm..." he gets out when their lips break apart once. She immediately captures them again while continuing to ride him.

"...gonna..." he manages next time their lips come apart. She increases the pace slightly and kisses him again.

"...cum..." he finishes at the next opportunity. She pulls away from his face, sits up straighter and speeds up even more.

Her increase in pace soon takes him over the edge. When he cums she sinks down as far as she can on him. She clasps a hand over his mouth to cover his big moan. That act, and the glimmer in her eye as she does it, makes him shudder even more.

She rises, he slides out of her. She un-straddles him and leans over to uncuff him. Soon as his arms are free he does what he's been longing to do, wrapping his arms around her and pulling her close, kissing her. She smiles against his lips, eagerly responding.

"So what did you think of it?" She asks him later as they lay cuddled up together after having cleaned themselves up a bit (and removed the handcuffs from the headboard).

"Hm, it was fun to try... you were so hot. I mean you always are but it was really hot... when you're in complete control like that. Telling me stuff. I liked that. But I missed being able to touch you," he reflects.

"Mm, yeah I missed your hands on me. And I missed touching you too, before. But at the same time it was really hot to... to just be like that. Somehow."

"Yeah, exactly," he agrees.

After an early breakfast with her family they take a walk back to his house. It's Saturday so there's no school for Will and El and he knows his mom has got the day off, only Hopper is working today. So they look forward to spending a whole day with them.

"Weird that his truck's still here," he notes as they see it in the driveway still, he thought Hopper's shift had already started.

"Yeah," Nancy nods and looks in the window. "It's unlocked," she further notices.

They walk inside the house and finds a slightly chaotic site, nothing in comparison to some of the states he's seen his childhood home in though. It just looks slightly upturned.

"But didn't you have a spare?" His mom's voice calls out from the kitchen.

"Yes I do, I've got that pair on me but I still need to find these too! I can't just lose them, what if they fall into the wrong hands?!" Hopper's agitated voice calls back from the living room.

"Seriously how could you lose them?" El's voice sounds out from the living room next.

"I didn't! I just don't know where they are!" Hopper throws back.

"That's the definition of losing something," Will's voice notes from the same room.

"Stop being smart and help me look instead!"

"Well they're not here, are you sure you've checked everywhere else, the station, the cruiser? A pair of handcuffs don't just vanish but they don't seem to have done it here," his mom's voice sounds out again.

They immediately halt their step in the hall and exchange a glance. Nancy puts her index finger to his lips, urging him to be quiet.

"Wait here," she whispers and quietly sneaks back out the door.

She quickly returns and looks mischievous. She gives him a nod, grabs his hand and they walk into the living room.

"Hey, what's going on?" He asks. Hopper, El and Will all turn around and look at them. Hopper busy searching in between the sofa cushions, Will by the TV and El through the pile of stuff on the coffee table. His mom comes into the room.

"Oh hey good morning you two! Oh nothing it's just, you haven't happened to see Hopper's handcuffs have you? He lost a pair yesterday," his mom greets and explains.

"Hm, nope, sorry," Nancy answers.

"Are you sure you lost them here?" He asks Hopper.

"No, if I knew where I lost them they wouldn't be lost, would they?" He throws back, clearly on his last resolve.

"So now you admit that you've lost them?" El notes.

"That's progress," Will adds.

"Have you looked everywhere? Like the station, your car, wherever it is you're having lunch, for example?" Nancy asks.

"Yes!" An exasperated Hopper answers.

"Well you've now tore through this house twice searching and they're not here I suggest you look in your car again and if they're not there go into work anyway because you're late," his mom firmly lays down.

"But-" Hopper starts.

"No buts, do that before you cut open my sofa to look inside it. They're not here."

Hopper grumbles but ventures outside. They all follow, standing on the porch to see if he finds them in the car or just takes off. He opens the door and makes a big show of dramatically looking around. Then his face freezes as he happens to look at the floor. Slowly Hopper picks up the handcuffs, stands up and holds them in front of his face, looking dumbfounded.

"See, there you go!" His mom calls out to him. "Now go, you're late!" She reminds him. That shakes Hopper out of it and he quickly gets in his truck and hurriedly speeds off.

"Well, anyway! Have you guys already had breakfast? Did you have a good time at the Wheelers?" His mom queries them as they all venture back inside.

"Yeah we did," he answers to both questions and exchanges a glance with Nancy.